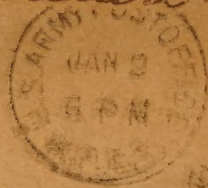


63 C. A. C.



Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
U. S. A.



O.K.
Smithsonian
Captain

Bouguenais, France
January 1, 1919.

Dearest Sweetheart,

Here we are at a new year. A year ago today along about this time in the afternoon I think you and I went out and tried your new skates on little Lake Listerine. And now this year there is a great big pond between us. But we hope it will not be long now before we begin to move. I was thrown far by the news that Base Chaplain brought me, base Base Chaplain! [~~Base~~] which I mentioned in a letter to you all the other day. But the cloud has been blown away. I wired G.H.2 and pretty soon on Monday last I received a wire from this aforesaid chaplain to this effect "Received orders G.H.2 permitting you to return to States." Believe me the world looked brighter then like as if the sun had burst out from behind a big black cloud. You see for some unknown reason they are holding up chaplains at the base ports as their organizations go through. I suppose they think there is a shortage over here.

Now we are just waiting while each button and string on each garment on each

man is inspected a couple of dozen times. You see time and labor is mighty cheap in the army. Oh, suppose they are hurrying us along but it does not seem very fast to us who have nothing to do but wait. Somebody said "they also select who only stand and wait" which are us & a tee. No passes are given the men to go in to Vantes and the officers are in the same boat. This is because we are on the point of departure. That called off the sight-seeing trips and leaves me with altogether nothing to do, which I am doing remarkably well!

Two letters from 3504 and one from you just now blew in!! Yours was of date 8 December which is very wonderful. It was indeed welcome as was Bunny's. Gee I am afraid you all have had a bum Christmas season riding from the crest of the wave to the trough as my cables came in one by one. I am sorry as can be and only take comfort from the fact that it is all over now and good things really are in sight. Oh, Lamby, it will all be over before very long. Be as patient as you can. We can't regulate a great machine like this army over here to meet our fancies. I think my lot has been wonderfully free from bad bumps when Christmas Day came I thought how small after all was all the sacrifice we made. There were

sick or wounded to be shipped home. Of course a few troops slip in on every ship but some of them were chaps who had a little good luck due them. Long after I am safely back with you and out of service there will be no end of folks waiting for their boys to return and a lot of pretty disgusted male men over on these shores wondering bitter and profane wonders about when they are going to sail. Any day now may see us on the way. I gave up running down to Montauban because I might miss the regiment somehow. I knew if I missed it and did not get home for a while longer on that account there would be no warm welcome for me! Imagine Bunny's consternation if I should miss the boat because I had run off to take a look at Montauban with a view to seeing what prospects it offered for a sojourn there!!!

You have indeed been a good child to keep out of any heavy business transactions. I am very glad that you did because I think it is wisest for you to get strong and well again. Then if you went to work I would think that you were in want and were trying to earn a little money. I have wondered whether the meagre hundred dollars that came to you from my pay was anywhere near enough.

Once you spoke of money as though you had all you needed and another time you were trying to pay several kinds of insurance all at once which must have been a job. When I get back we will have to have a business meeting. I believe you said you took \$300. in liberty bnf and turned them over to Sis. I gathered that was to make up a kind of sinking fund which the y.m. demands that its workers gather before they come over. I reckon that sum is a gone if Sis has it. because my guess is that the salary she draws is not large and I know that the ym girls have to meet rather high living expenses. They have to have a little more in the way of food and shelter than we need, and they have not the good opportunities that we have. I blow into town for duty and either get a good place at government expense or make a temporary arrangement until I do get into a barracks or billet. My guess is that our Esther will be chronically out of money. If you did give her the \$300 I am sorry in a way because I would much rather have you come over here on it than to have her. I have tried to get in touch with her but she being at Grenoble over by the Swiss border and I being on the west coast it do be a hard thing to do.

Once I had great hopes when I heard that she was at St. Malo while I was at Brest, but that proved to be a false notice. I wrote her at length but said I expected to be on the way home at once and so of course she did not attempt to reach me here in France. Last night I wrote her another long letter. She is a good kid and I hope this trip will be a great inspiration to her.

She is funny. I mean, she is a problem to my mind. She seems to belong to different classes of folks. Somehow her training has not made her independent. Some girls who don't happen to be endowed master a line of work and go to it. You did that. You were independent and as we say "rising" in your line. Esther had some of that training that you had and yet she has never stepped into domestic science with the impression created that she was going to make good at it. Personally I don't think Esther ever cared a whoop about D.S. and only took it because you girls took it and you all put the skids under her and she followed the line of least resistance. True it was up to her to learn some profession but you all missed it on D.S. for her. Now she has been teaching some years with no results. She has marked time. She has made no advance professionally above that which men length of

service brings to all alike. My hope is that over here she will get off the D.S. onto some other line of goods. But I do not exactly know what the new line would be. She has plenty of ability but it is not coordinated or driven by any purpose. If she would name the thing she wants with all her heart to become I would be willing to back her to my limit.

On the other hand she has always lived like a girl whose daddy was vice pres of the Standard Oil. I do not mean that she spends so much money but she spends like one who has all there is. It is a gift to be that way but it does not get anybody very far. Also it keeps her broke and the rest of us a kind of insurance company or charity ball committee. This circumstance makes her a bit miserable and me a bit so at times all of which is not as it should be. The only solution, as we have so often concluded is for some real live white man to marry her. Will this ever happen? It looks more and more doubtful and her coming over here did not help her a bit. It is not done so much over here as a lot of gunks who write stories like to pretend.

Aweel - all this is in the interest of the above mentioned. She continues to get my vote. When I get home I'll all this funny time that I

have had over here will seem like a dream. I do dream now ~~once~~ in a while that I have reached home and you. Yes, if we teach, and I think that is quite likely to be the thing, we can have a house. I rather fancy that little #100 on Stockton Street, Princeton New Jersey. Don't you remember how attractive that looked. By the way, haven't the knives ever reached you? No letter has spoken of them and they were ordered away last September. They were to be manufactured by hand by the old knife maker and I did not expect them to reach you very much before Christmas, but by now they are overdue.

It will seem good to get out our own things again. A picture of a Breton girl is on the way to you from Brest. It is a beautiful steel engraving and I hope it arrives in good order. Prints are hard to get, that are good and whenever I have looked at them I have always decided how much nicer it would be to have you along when the choosing was done. There is quite a lot of stuff down in the cellar. You better look it over some day to see that it has not all mildewed away. This is of course if you are in Phila. I am now supposing that the sum of my cables brought you to Phila where I presume you are rather impatiently waiting. Dearie I hope it will not be much longer. Any day now we may start

and ten days on the water is plenty at the very
outside. Of course it is barely possible that
I may read this letter to your pink ear, but
of late I have quit assuming that I was about
to slip on the gang plank but a few weeks
of consistent waiting has made more of a
skeptic of me on this sailing game. So keeps
pink and fat and smiley because your
hopes & I are not to be in vain.

You are the one and only starlight starbright
in my heaven. [That is pretty enough for the
first letter after engagement]. We will continue
our interrupted honeymoon. In after years & all
these adventures and disappointments of
the passing day will only go to make a
gorgeous background of color against which
the happy things and the future things
will stand out in all their beauty.

Happy new year my Sweetheart
Honey
Sweet.

Nantes, Loire-Inferieur,
January 3, 1919.

Dearest Brer Fox,

In spite of the fact that my mail is coming to me via Brest I received night before last two letters from the States of the date of December 8th, which beats anything else that has come to this outfit so far. I figure that is a good way to keep sending them, as the chaplain up at Brest is very sure to send them on in good time. I trust that route more than the regular post-office now. And also it would not have been worth while to try to correct my address again. We are going over soon now. I do not know just when, but it ought not to be very many days off now. Every day is one less, at least, one less of life some of us feel, for whom the waiting has not been overly pleasing. The letters of late date that came were from Bunny and Anne MacGregor. They mailed them on the same day. There was a nice one from you, but that had started on November 1st which was some different. In it you said you had been pleased to get a letter addressed to your own sweet self, so hence this other one to the same party. You are to share it, however, with the other members of the triumvirate that rules my destiny very gently.

I am scheduled to depart with the troops, so the burden that was laid upon my ind by the call of the base chaplain is removed. General Headquarters removed it. I have my friend Brent to thank. I guess they are all rooting for me, they are a pretty good bunch, but I think the world will swing along just as well, when the chaplains office is abolished and all the red tape that the chaplaincy is acquiring is cut up into small bits. The whole question in one with many complications. Chaplain Moody went home ostensibly to push along a bill in Congress which would put the chaplains on the same footing that the medical men in the army have, that is, which would give them rank up to colonels, and apportion them out as the medical men are, lieutenants for battalions, captains and majors in regiments, etc. This would mean a definitely articulated chaplains corps. And it would mean a chaplain general or the equivalent, and presumably, judging from past events, that individual would turn out to be either a Roman Catholic or an Episcopalian. I do not say this in any mean sectarian spirit, because I would not object to having such a person at the head of it in some ways. At first it would be fine, whoever was in would be leaning over backwards so as not to seem to favor his own kind, but after the whole thing calmed down, and a routine was established, I think we would see all kinds of funny business going on. So I do not think I should vote, or favor a chaplains' corps built on the model of the medical corps.

But when I oppose this I am apt to find myself fighting rank among the chaplains, which leads some of my friends to accuse me of disesteeming my office.

They say, here there are a lot of veterinarians, and dentists and what-nots running around who are not half what you are in brains or value and they outrank you. I grant this and regret it, but I remember at the same time that it is not the business of the minister to have rank. It is the same old story. How much of this world's prerogatives of power and position does a minister of God have to have to be efficient. There are a lot of veterinarians and dentists running around me at home, who have not half the brains that I have, but who are going to make ten times the money that I make. I am of more value to the community than they ever will be, but the community does not see it and never will till they are dead. Of course, just because this is so, it would be a rather grand thing to have the government come out and instate the clergy of the land in a place of honor in the army of the land, and provide them with rank, which

is the coin of social standing in the army, and none, which is the same old coin that is potent in civil life. I say it could be fine if the government were to step ahead of the civil world and put the minister on the map, by showing that it esteems him equal to other men in its calling. For that reason I would be tempted to back any scheme for pushing the chaplain ahead, just to get the Government on record as providing a place for the minister of God in its official circles.

But in spite of all this there is that insidious temptation to the recipient of such consideration, to begin to use that power for other ends than the purely spiritual. Naturally the Roman and Anglican churches are perfectly willing to see a scheme like this put through, and a man like Moody, with the best intentions in the world is sincerely behind them in it. I am too, to a degree. I think it is disgraceful that a man like Geo. B. McClellan can be a Lt. Col. in the U.S. Army while Bishop Brent can only be a first lieutenant. That is what is the fact. No wonder Bishop Brent was willing to abolish the marks of rank on our uniforms and have us wear the crosses on the shoulder straps. I do not blame him for not caring to hob-nob with General Pershing and all the rest with a first lieutenant's bars on his shoulder, a man like he is who has had a large experience and who has been among the old-brows some. But on the other hand, blue stocking Presbyterian as I am, I do not want Bishop Brent as Brigadier General to tell me, an independent Calvinist just how I am to conduct myself as a chaplain. And there you have the difficulty. Probably with Bishop Brent I, or any other Protestant would have no trouble, because Bishop Brent is a genuinely Christian man of the first water, but who would be his successor, I could only say. You bet your bottom dollar. One was slipped over the Romans when Brent slipped past them. Pershing, born and brought up a Presbyterian, was converted by Bishop McCormick, whose son is a good pal of mine from Louisville days, and Bishop McCormick was head of the Red Cross chaplains until Bishop Perry came over and took his place. The Anglicans brought up General Pershing in the way he should go, and he put Brent on the job. He did well so to do, I think, although I have heard some dissatisfaction expressed by an old army chaplain at the way the high-churchly old shills put under them when they wanted anything, while the low church hoofed it, but I have certainly no personal complaint on the score of favors to me. But I was in strong with both young McCormick and Allen Evans, two of the prime favorites of the Bishop, and I think I have lived in their aureole somewhat.

Now, I have to record here, that the high-churchly ways have something on me over here. You read in the papers how some Roman chaplain went up to the very front lines, and took his church with him. That is very true, the priest has a little mass kit (one of the last things I did as Senior Chaplain was to order one for one of my Romanists) and he has all the linen and what-nots tucked away therein. It is about the size of a small suit case, and he trots this along with him to some convenient spot, and opens it up. Now I want to submit this, that out in the open in the midst of shell fire, or the like the service he has makes a big impression. The nerves of everybody are on edge, they are fearful and ill at ease, and they want something tangible and quick. This service looks religious, it appeals to the senses, and it gets home. It is the sort of thing that is so striking that the papers and letter writers get a hold of it. Now the Protestant will be up there too, but if he has a communion, it will be with so few implements that the whole thing looks strange to those of his own denomination. There is lacking the peaceful congregation, the white table spread, whereas the mass is always said as it were apart from the people, and there is no end of confusion, going and coming during it. In other words the Roman can come nearer to recreating the familiar with his ritual than the Protestant can, with the result that he gets the bigger result in terms of human view.

The Anglicans of the high-church party realize this and they are leaning that way. This war has brought out a lot of them. I read a book the other evening by one T.J. Carey a British Royal Chaplain, of Peterhouse Oxford. The book was sent to my predecessor Chaplain Armstrong by Bishop Peck, and I opened it by mistake, seeing that it was I read it before I sent it on with a letter to Armstrong. This man Carey wants to mix Roman sacramentalism with Protestant evangelicism. They do not mix very well, that is the have not in past history, because one is a denial of the other, but Brother Carey does not see that, and wants them too, so too (in his book). But he has a good idea, and in my letter to Armstrong, in sending forward the book, I said, that while I of course had to bristle at being undenied as the same, I did for me because I was not ordained by a bishop (cf. my matchless article for Henry Loetscher) still I was in agreement with the author that the Protestants had underestimated the religious value of the Lord's Supper. This I think is the case. The reason is not far to seek, it comes to be so because of the Roman church from which our religious forefathers succeeded. They turned the Lord's Supper into a kind of religious magic trick, and they did it every time they worshiped, and it was only a bludgeon on what it was originally intended to be. But our good old fathers in the faith, in my opinion, went a bit too far, when they practically abolished it from the church. We have it, it is true, but not so often as might be helpful.

I will be glad when I can get the chance to slow over all this at leisure, in a study. That is what I am looking for now, a study, with a wall full of books. I want to arrange a schedule. Rise at five A.M. get into a warm study by five thirty, spend one hour in morning prayer and devotional Bible reading, work on my sermons, book, lectures, magazine articles, etc etc. until eight, when I breakfast with Anne MacGregor and whoever happens to be our guests at the time. Then I return without having seen the morning paper to study till twelve until one o'clock. At that hour I eat a light lunch, and go off out-of-doors to call, or exercise, attend funerals, weddings, see my business parishioners in their offices etc etc. At six or so the dinner is brought out and for an hour or more preferable more the family sits at the table and discourses on all the interesting things that can be brought out. The evening will not be so closely annotated, but I would like to get in about two hours in the study. Let's see that would give me nine hours or so of study per day, which is about what I need to ever amount to much. That sets me to thinking as the way most of the high-brows work. President Wilson himself gets up every morning at five, (hence the five o'clock idea for me) Anne MacGregor will remember, or to get said he got up at six o'clock. The early morning, especially in the winter is the ideal time to work. It is quiet and you are fresh. The only drawback is that one is usually hungry, and there is a scarcity of warmth in the room where the work is to be done. These two things I would arrange to avoid. The thermos bottle will always provide a cup of hot coffee at that hour if I am alone, and now someone could be figured to heat either the furnace or a fireplace to provide the requisite amount of heat.

I would not get right out of the study for a while this summer and fall. The situation was as valuable as any other period I have ever had. It provided many of the needed things. But I am weaned away from my love of the study, and I think my best work will be done there. This in spite of the fact that I am not a paragon in spelling more of a parable in fact, (now don't make any comments on the spelling in this letter, I can not see what I write as it is too dark). I am learning to spell every day. These rough words throw me out of gear, however, because many of them are just the same with a slight difference in the spelling. So as soon as I hit the land I shall be writing to see the first

January 5th 1919.

Dearest Sweetheart,

The Christmas Box has arrived! And it had just all the things in it that I most wanted. I have one of the handkerchiefs in my pocket now. Another is already used and awaiting the laundress' delicate treatment. The silver knife and key holder (which I take it to be) are in my pocket. On the ring I put three keys, one to my trunk locker, one to the tin box inside it and the key to 3504 which somehow came along with me to France. I wish it were the key to our own house where you were waiting for me. The knitted mittens are just what I need. I hope your fingers made most of them because I kissed them when I unwrapped them. The card with the row of genial Roche prisoners was pretty funny and is now in my Bible. Of the candy - words are insufficient. Will I get thumped on the head if I express a thought that passed through my mind as I pushed my teeth through the first piece? It was this. I wonder if Rib did not perhaps help make this candy. It sort of reminded me of the Parker household and if you made it all yourself, I fancy that the judicious teeth of Hon. John C. Parker macerated several pieces and was forced to admit that you were a real candy maker after all. I opened up the mints and tasted one. You will be glad to know that I gave 2 very sparingly 1 of the home-made candy to the rest of the boys who are on the staff of the redoubtable Col. Alexander Grieg Jr. who was

with me up in the third floor of this chateau.

Today is Sunday. The new moon was to be seen at supper time. I have good hopes this time that before it wanes I shall be near you. I hoped and longed to the bursting point last moon but it did not happen. It was a longing that was more intense than now, but I think a lot of the intensity spring from a dull and sodden fear in my heart that it would not be. Now this month I have more of the gentle confident hope that does not stir me up to such agonized prayers as before but which may none the less be an omen of even greater goodness coming to us. Since Christmas I have been much more patient. I don't know just why but that was a sort of sacrifice that I wondered and feared I was to be asked to make. I did make it and it is over. It was not nearly so hard as I feared, as all such things are, and now I expect we will always be glad that it was given us to do. Just think of having, on all the other Christmases D.V., this to say "Let's see in 1918 I was in France at Christmas" It is just one more thing we could do for the cause.

I am so happy that the lace went out to Ann Arbor so John and Elizabeth could see it. And I am delighted that Elizabeth liked the tea cover. I will surely try to get another from Bourbonne-les-Bains. It may be an exact replica. But never in the wide world will either John, Elizabeth or you know how much any of that lace cost. Any thing in the lot that Elizabeth wants is here - I think I shall even

want to see Mary Elizabeth in that dress once or twice just to see what for a garment it is. But I am glad you want to keep it, because I would like to have it in the family. I have rather forgotten what all there was in the lot. I am afraid I made the dear little lady who made it and sold it think I was crazy in the head. The assortment when complete looked like a white sale, on Saturday afternoon.

That British high-brow commission was in Princeton I read in the Alumni Weekly. Dr. Shipley was in Princeton back in 1914 at the time when the Graduate School was inaugurated. I remember seeing and hearing him lecture at that time. You will be interested to hear that Chaplain Monod is to be in Vantes on next Sunday. You remember he was the French chaplain who came to Princeton last winter and with whom I had luncheon at Dr. Warfield's. He is the chap who pretty much started me off on my desire to go to Montauban to study for a while. And here he comes right to my door again after a whole year. Now it has all worked out more or less as we expected it would. He is to come out here to our mess to dine on Sunday and will speak for me to the regiment in the afternoon. This will all be a wonderful opportunity for me to find out just what there is in this Montauban business. I gave up going down there because it was rather more expensive than I felt strong enough to stand. He can give me all the information I desire. 3

Of course something may come along that will send us flying to our boat over at St. Nazaire. I fear I shall miss seeing him very little if that is the reason that takes me away from Nantes.

Three letters came in from you all, one from each as often happens. Yours was written on the day after the armistice, as was Fer's. I think Bunny's was of a day or two previous to that date. Bunny mentioned the false alarm on the Thursday before. That rumor got its legs in Brest where I was stationed. I happened to get the story of it through underground channels. On Thursday afternoon before the Eleventh along about five o'clock I was eating some supper at a men's mess of which the cook was a wounded man of the 9th regiment that was in Syracuse in 1917, and in which that young captain at Mrs. VanAllen's was an officer. This cook and I got chummy over our various reminiscences and he claimed he would give me a first class meal if I would drop in on him. While I was eating I heard some of the men yelling and rumor came to say that the armistice had been negotiated and the French and Americans were all out parading on the streets of Brest. The men said the evening paper was being purchased by every body and had the information. One of the men brought me a copy to read for it was in French. I looked it over but could not find any definite statement to the effect that the rumor claimed. I said so and walked on down into town.

Everything there was all lit up, everything and everybody. I called up Jim Kennedy of my

class who had charge of the American railroading in Brest. He said it was so and we proceeded to go out together and celebrate. He confirmed the reports by saying that along about three o'clock they had been talking to Paris over the phone and they had reported the fact. Later in talking with London confirmation was obtained. Of course all that was altogether unofficial. But about six o'clock it was put up to Admiral Wilson who made the statement that the armistice had indeed been signed. There was a dance ordered and everyone gave themselves over to festivities.

Well, the next morning it was all over as you know. We were not discouraged because it was only a question of days at most. Later on I heard how it was. Chaplain Yates my boss was quite a pal of Chaplain Ayres of the Navy. He is a Boston pastor who was on Admiral Wilson's staff for welfare work for the sailors. It seems the Admiral was very much disturbed by what proved to have been a grave indiscretion for a man in his position. Secretary Daniels sent him a cable next day to please explain how he came to make any such statement as he made. It is quite a serious matter for an Admiral of a belligerent to announce that hostilities have ceased. If the doughboys had stopped fighting there might have been trouble on our hands. The Admiral said in response that he got his information from a French source that had theretofore been infallible. I 5

presume it was from the French admiral although I do not know. The Admiral was worried and called on the chaplain to ask him what he thought about it. So that was how you all came to have two big days in the States.

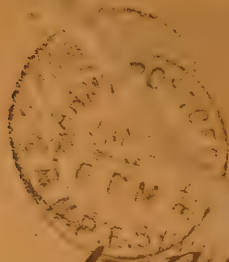
As yet I have not heard about the knives coming. I am sorry because I should hate to have them go astray and I am afraid now that they have because they were to have reached you along in November sometime. I have written to the maker then and I will wire the whole bunch. Telegrams are as cheap as dirt here.

Hoping and praying to be with you before long. It will hardly seem possible to be actually getting near to you again. For all these weeks and months you have been just a dear memory, a wonderful dream and a wondering hope that perhaps in God's mercy I should one day come back to you.

I love you,
Stewart.

plain J M Robinson
58 C.A.C.

Soldier's Mail



Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robin
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
U. S. A.

O. H.
S. M. Robinson
Chaplain

Bouguenais, Loire Inferieur,
53rd Coast Artillery Corps,
January 9th, 1919.

Dearest Folks at Home,

We are still here waiting for the boat to take us home. It is only a question of when now. There seems to be some kind of hold-up in this embarkation business all along the line. I expect you folks back home are going to get up in arms over it. I expect it is taking a great deal of time and effort to make the necessary readjustments. Then you know we lost a lot of ships to the commercial lines, which of course wanted to start up again with their regular trips. The Australians and Canadians wanted to get home as badly as we do, and Great Britain has taken over her ships for them, and for her own purposes. The French, too, I guess have lost a little of their zeal in the matter of shipping. I remember that while in Brest the crew of one of the big ships, the La France, I think it was struck because they were to be sent across with a load of Americans. That is a pretty way for them to act. They were glad enough to bring us this way. But we are easy meat for them, and they are making piles of money off of us every day, so I suppose they have their own reasons for keeping us as long as they can. But I think our own people are doing everything they can to get things under way. I am not, however, letting the Frogs get any more of my money than I can help. Once in a while when I go into Nantes, and get into the best book store there I fall from grace and buy a volume.

This time is far from being wasted. I am getting my work more ordered every day. The regiment is just the right size. Everybody is easy to get along with, and except for missing you all, and knowing that you are extra anxious to have me back, I have no cause to complain. I have this consolation however, that there is nothing I can do to get home. One may not resign over on this side and to desert is not nice. That method is employed nevertheless. We just had word to-day by wireless I believe of the arrival of two men of this regiment in the United States. They left us one day in December and evidently shipped aboard some tramp steamer and worked their way home. This is quite a port for small freighters and they would have had no particular trouble in getting on some Swedish or other steamer. They probably had wives and mothers at home, anxious to see them, and not being officers and more free, they just naturally beat it the first chance they had.

Now we are taking steps to start up some classes. I am about to enter upon my presidency in my first university. I expect DV to be president of Princeton someday, and am to begin by being president of the university of the 53rd C.A.C. We hope to serve up all sorts of intellectuality. If you could see the student body you would not wonder that Stewie pondered when he put down two courses, one in economic and the other in political science. He was not goop enough to call them by those names exactly, ptherwise the crowd might have all signed for them, under the impression that they were easy ways to make money, or some form of a gambling game. The other afternoon I met a man of the medical detachment on the road and fell into conversation with him. I asked him he had been a pharmacist in civil life that he came to get into the medical department in the army. He said not but that he had farmed (pharmed) and that his wife owned a place where they expected to go to live after he returned. So you see how it is.

In many ways the weather here is delightful. The buds are bursting, I saw some rose bloome nodding over the wall of a place down the road. The birds are about, and the air is deliciously warm on some mornings. There is no end of rain, and I suspect the climate is not at all unlike that in Charleston, of which Fieldmouseface used to speak, in the halcyon days of

her youth when she was a free woman and the slave of no mere man. Ahem. But in spite of this gentle climate one is cold and damp all the time. There are not the facilities for heating, and the fuel is limited. We in the army get along better than the civil population. I don't think they ever have much more fuel than at present. It is like the south at home, where I am told you are cold a lot of the time during the rainy season. But I rather enjoy it. I have purchased a curious little affair for warming my feet etc. It is a little wooden box with slats for the top. The front is open. Inside is a little earthen bowl, made of red clay baked. This you fill with wood coals and hot ashes, and put your feet on it. It does the business in fine shape. After warming my feet last night, I put the thing on my chair and sat on it.

I devoted most of last evening to reading a thesis that some theological student put into the Theological Faculty of the Free Seminary of the Vaud for his B.D. It describes the interior history of the Protestant Church in France during the latter half of the 18th century. I am only reading it to get an idea of the different books he used, and how he went about it to prepare a thesis for a faculty over here. I bought several of this sort of things in Paris. They are rather thin one franc or more each, just about the sort of thing I wrote for Chesty Loetscher. Besides these sort of books I have read two most interesting books on the French Revolution. There is a popular historian over here named Lenotre. He writes up in a very glowing way, little items of Revolutionary history. Both these books were doubly vivid for me, and that was how I came to read them. "The Drama of Varennes" is a description of the flight of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in June 1791 from Paris. Well, I have been through Varennes many times, when it was all shot to pieces, and every page of this book was familiar almost. I had been around Paris too. The other book is entitled "The Drowners of Nantes" and describes the activities of a ferocious group of ultra revolutionists that were here in Nantes in 1793-1794. Their leader Carrier concocted the scheme of drowning all the royalists clericals etc. They did it up in feindish style. Lenotre fills his books with illustrations, photographs, and maps. Being here on the ground I just followed the story around town, identifying spot after spot. Now a ride through the streets in the motor is quite a little event for me. The other evening I found a volume dealing with the life of Camille Desmoulins, by another author. It is gotten up in the same way, and I have dipped into it.

Almost every evening I play five hundred. It is a bootless game, but I am required for a quartette and so I cheerfully play in, and enjoy it a lot. This is a funny monotonous and novel life. There is no work, and I expect I shall look back on these days, when safely in the bosom of my family, and a great old vacation, when there was nothing to worry about, no work to do, and a sure income. I can see why the army picks up a certain type of man.

Now it is about time to slip off to was. for dinner. The food is fine, cheap and tasteful. Brussels sprouts every day almost. I believe they are a luxury at home. Vegetables here are all common and inexpensive. I think that is what makes the French so healthy in spite of the horrible sanitation they put up with. I am fair of flesh and pink of skin. I am pretty much in a hurry to sail, but if I escape the rigors of winter, and miss a winter's storm at sea, I maybe ought not to repine.

Loads of love, I love you,

Slavant.

good church who wants to hear a young chaplain back from the front as a possible future pastor of said church. I suppose the "officials" are a rough lot with those little ideas they had last evening. They have got to talk big business to me now if they want to land me. I am pretty good, I want to state, lest nobody else does. Preaching to these soldiers is about the most unresponsive business there is. I have not been able to get very good results out of them. I get too nearly their contempt, and the good people of the church are still the most power. But I have preached to them a few times, with a crowd and I look over the crowd. The place has not been to very great audiences on the whole. I imagine five hundred would cover the lot, and a pretty dozen would outnumber the smallest. One morning just before we dipped into the St. Mihiel drive I had Horace Infusine (of Delhi) and my sergeant for an audience. But I had a peculiar crowd in that way. In a way that you got your crowd, whereas at a division headquarters you are with a lot of men, who are all on special duties that prevent them from gathering all at once, and this also brings up their spirit to some extent. Lately I have had some full speakers come out, mostly because they wanted to and partly because I thought they had something worth while. I have slated one for Sunday but he is rather thin. I shall let him out in some way but will speak myself. After these things even the St. Mihiel crowd will seem like a lot of newly converted trail-bitters. One great time I had was a crowd like I did to a lot of colored stevedores up at Annapolis 1st July. That was a great bunch. They were singing and praying all over the place before we got through.

You are authorized to pass on to my beloved Wife, Mrs. M.M. all the love there is. I do hope most awful that I can get to her before so very long. Now that Christmas is past, the time is passing in a less harrowing fashion, but I am pretty tired of this, in comparison with getting back to U.S.A. and Anne and Gregor. Now for Bunny, the real, one and only, original war-mother who is all smiles when her son departed to fight for freedom etc. etc. I want you to convey severe kisses oh, a flock of them, and give her my unbounded love and admiration. It is funny but her letters have a way of reaching me very soon after she writes them. One only took fourteen days, which is the fastest I ever heard of. I guess the post folks know that Bunny wrote it and just did not dare even hesitate a minute about getting it to Stewart. You are also due to receive much love and sundry kisses. You are pretty good yourself, I am mighty anxious to get to see you, and talk a week or two. If Grandpa is there give him my love and respects for the reason and for good things in general. If there be any other of the saints there salute them.

Loads of love,

Stewart

January 12, 1919.

Dearest Sweetheart Girl, -

Still in this little no-account village of France. Had two services to day, it being Sunday, one in the dance-hall down on the main street of town, which is over a combination pool room and wine shop, the other in an abandoned Roman chapel down in the Seminary where most of the men are billeted. This made a contrast indeed. A man named Whiston, a preacher who is with the Y.M., came out for the afternoon service and made a talk on the subject "The Bible." It was fine. My talk in the morning was on Mark 6: 31, and the need we experience in the army to take time out of the routine of little duties for worship and our private religious habits. On the whole I believe these days are a good training for my preaching abilities. I do not have time, place, or thoughts to sit down and write out a sermon. I have tried it on a few occasions, but with indifferent success. This is not for the profumity of the sermons but I am improving my powers of delivery and am learning to feel unconscious of the fact that I am talking and to begin to think and to feel on my feet. That has been a lack up to date. I never did much thinking on my feet. All the thought there ever was in a sermon of mine was carefully set in it beforehand like a stone in a setting. Now I am trying to do a

little cogitating on the ground. This ability when
salted down will only enhance the ultimate
product when the preparatory work has been
much more thorough. Again I find that there are
no more blanks in my speaking. It used to be
in almost every sermon that a moment would come
as I talked when my mind was as empty as a
new tin pail. It was a funny sensation when I had
a momentary vision of sitting down or running off
the pulpit. Always the stray idea came along
after what seemed to be a year. Now that does
not happen. At least it has not for a long time.
It all runs along without a hitch and the crowd
has no effect upon me.

Then too now I can begin to see the
audience and think of them in a new way. I
have begun to feel with them and to feel how
they feel. This I think is perhaps a more
important factor than the other, although both
are very important. With them I feel that I
can go back to my studying and preparation
of sermons and have results that are much
better than ever before. I hope all of this is true,
at any rate. When I get back so you will have
a chance to hear whether I am any better at
the game than I was when I left. So far I do
not feel this has been anything but a great
benefit, but were it to continue for months
to come it would be decidedly to the contrary.
I can see why there has never been a chaplain
who was a conspicuous preacher. One always
lacks the feminine portion of the audience.

for another six months. The price had gone
down a bit. It is a first class journal. I almost
never see it over here, but I know it gathers
up the best pictures of current events and
also has some good reading in it. We have
no paper just like it in the States. Then to
cap the climax I wired to Lucien Simonnot
to know whether he had sent away the knives
and was much relieved when he wired back
that he had not yet sent them. He said a
letter was on the way. I am so glad they were
not to be lost. A few weeks more or less is of no
consequence so long as we do not lose them.
I imagine he has either been sick, or could not
get to them. He had a lot of orders and I
think he wanted to take special pains with
them. The old Protestant lady was a great friend
of his and that gave me an added interest in
his eyes. I took out insurance on my order for
the tea cover by writing a note in English to
Miss Paul the lady who took me around to the lace
lady's house.

That town of Bourbonne was a fine place. That
was the climax of my good time this summer.
Our mess was in a beautiful little empty hotel
where we had nice table linen, delicate glasses,
and plenty of dishes. There were hot natural salt
water baths, a most wonderful fillet where I
lived. It was the home of an older governor
of the French province of Senegal in Africa.

They introduce a very important element which ~~offers~~ a speaker a much more powerful leverage on his audience than where the crowd is all masculine. Ladies fall for a wider range of similes, etc. than men and the fact that these flowers of rhetoric are getting past with the ladies makes the men more susceptible. But men do not get weepy very easily and you can bang around considerably at length and not get a rise out of them.

Wried Sis the other day just for fun to see how the kid was getting along and received an answer from her from Grenoble so I know she is still there. I wish it were as easy to get in touch with you. Well I'll soon! I have also sent to Boulogne-lez-Bains and started another tea cover on its way to you. I wrote a letter in my best French explaining all about why I wanted another, how pleased you all were with the other stuff, that it arrived in good shape and had no duty charged for it. I do not yet understand how that happened for no amount of signing on a.k.s will prevent the customs folks from having their earnings. I think it somehow escaped their eagle eyes. Well it was their bad luck. I reckon we will not hunt them up.

Ala! [I had a spell of letter writing in French] I subscribed to the L'Illustration

There was a fine hotel in the town where I went
for a couple of good meals. Pop Cony and I ate there
one evening. It was just at a beautiful time of year.
I shall always remember the few days we spent
there. I started Frances's life of Jeanned Arc. I have
sent the books home, and you can read it before
I get back. There are a lot of books they are writing
for me Bunny tells me. "Did a packet come in
from Gordie Sikes in Paris?" It contained a
couple of mighty fine books on the early
music of the Huguenots in France. I left
them at the University Union one night when I
hurried off to the Montparnasse Station to go to
Brest.

Paris is a great old town. Some day I hope we can
see it together. It is now ten o'clock at night.
The fire here has gone out. I want to get up
early tomorrow, light the fire in here and
do a little reading before everybody gets up
and around.

Read today Hosea, Mark 7-9 Psalm 20, 21

I love you
I do not.

Saturday Night
January 18th 1919
Benquevais, Lorient Inf.

Dearest Girl/All.

The evening before the Lord's Day should be devoted to pious reflections and contemplation and I can have it so by writing to you in between thoughts. I think before very many days we shall be on our way to you. They are to inspect us on Monday to see if everyone has enough shoe strings and all the rest of the equipment that goes to make up the outside of a soldier. Of course we do not know anything about it but we always hope for the best. I am cherishing the telegram from the Base Chaplain at St Nazaire which said he had orders from G.H.Q. allowing me to proceed to the States with the regiment.

A letter came in today from the knife maker which said that he had been so busy that he had not finished the knives, but that they were about ready to send and would probably be off by the end of the month. I will try to put his letter in so you can see how well he likes me. He is trying to make our knives very beautiful and I think he will succeed in pleasing you very very well indeed. If they are as pretty as one set he had there all finished they will certainly be beauties.

Just for fun I will enclose a list of the times
I have preached over here. It will give you some
little idea of how things looked to me from Sunday
to Sunday.

June 23 1918 U.S.S. Coorington at sea, "Christ our Safety"
Matt. 8:26 - "He rebuked the winds and the sea."

June 30, 1918 Pusan Stockade, Portanezan Barracks
Brest - "Three Incurables" Our need of Christ, Mk. 5

July 7, 1918 - Chaumont, to a colored labor battalion
"Confidence" I John, 5:13-15.

July 14, 1918. Nelles-lez-Blequin - Flanders - The
383 Field Signal Battalion - "The Armor of God" Eph. 6:11, 12.

July 14, 1918 Schoolhouse in evening of same day.

Headquarters Troop of 78th Division, Ps. 126:5, 6,

"Sorrow and Joy"

July 21, 1918, Herlin-le-sec (Pas de Calais) 30 20 miles
from Arras "Profanity" Lk. 6:45

Same evening, Rollecourt (18 miles from Arras) "The
Inner Sanctuary" Ps. 27:4.

July 28, 1918. Herlin-le-sec "The Door of the Sheep"
John 10:9. [I had to stop this sermon for a minute
because the anti-aircraft guns were making such
a noise.]

Same evening Rollecourt "The Vine" John 15:4

August 4, 1918. Rollecourt. "The Eyes that see Us" Heb. 12:12.

August 11, 1918. Herlin-le-sec, "The Sixth Sense" Matt. 13:12
evening Rollecourt - "Trying and being Tried" Matt. 14:28, 31.

August 18 Herlin-le-sec "The Cause of War" Jer. 52:3

Same day Hautecloque (4 miles away) same sermon.

August 25, 1918. Bourbonne-lez-Bains "The Perfect Way"
Ps. 18:30 Preached in Y.M.C.A. Hut.

Same evening, same place, "Keeping Christ" Heb. 2:1

September 1, 1918 - Bourmont (Y.M. Hut) "Face to face
with Christ." Acts 9:5

September 1, 1918, Bourbonne, French Church,
"Le Royaume"; Lk. 12:32 [in French].
September 8, 1918. Chatenois (Y.M.Hut) "Unknown
Quantity" John 1:26.
Same day and place - "Camouflage" Judges' Story
of Gideon and the pitchers -
September 15, 1918, Rimzey - "The Vantage Ground"
Psalm 63:2. [this town is totally destroyed]
Same evening by moonlight seated on the ground
"Believe also in me" John 14:1 -
September 22, 1918. Loge Mangin 3rd Bn. 312th Inf.
"What makes a Victory"; John 16:33.
Same day, same place, same subject. 148. Troop.
October 27, 1918, Châtel (Meuse) Argonne "Value of
Worship." Matt. 26:8, (in wrecked church)

Monday Morning -

I am finishing this in haste and will
dispatch it homewards. I called yesterday
on Chaplain Menod in Nantes at the
home of his mother & Sister who live there.
We had tea and a good conversation, mostly
in English but a little in French because
his mother did not speak English.

You are sweet and very wonderful. Before
long now I pray we may curl up in a big
chair and talk it all over -

I love you
Stewart

Chaplain J. M. Robinson,
S. D. C. A. E. F.

Soldier's Mail

Mrs. Stewart M. Robinson,
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
U. S. A.

U. S. A.
J. M. Robinson
Chaplain

February 4, 1919.
Bonguenais, Loire-Inf.

Dearest Sweetheart,

Still in this fair country and getting rather tired of it too. Yesterday General Pershing came to town and we all went down to the station and were reviewed by him. He was inspecting all the area. The rest of the troops in this neighborhood were inspected in their quarters, but because we were so well drilled and about the most military bunch about we were picked to go down and act as escort for J.J. It was rather a diversion. He said we were all right. Now we wonder if his good word will put us on the boat a few days earlier. There does not seem to be any reason why we are spending so long a time here. We have been accusing the colonel of the delay but I don't know whether he is to blame or not. We will not press

the point till we are well out of the service. Then he wants to be good. But then there will be so much wool flying that our little party will not show up very conspicuously. All the mail has been held up in New York it seems because we have been scheduled to be in the States since before Christmas. This has added to the discontent of the men. While the war was on delays in the mail were not noticed. My mail came along with wonderful regularity, thanks to your faithfulness. Now I suspect you stopped writing when my cables went to you. Probably, however, you resumed afterwards. I have not had one just lately. If the address you put on the letter is anything else than 53 Artillery it will come on through. The Colonel was sly enough to have his mail sent to him here at Nantes with the A.P.O. 167 added and with no mention of the organization with the result that

he received a letter written on January 16th in the States. This came in fine time and I envy the old cuss having received it.

This has been a funny stay here with every day thinking we were likely to go and never going. I have been trying to carry on the work as best I can but it is pretty unsatisfactory because there is no permanent interest. Everybody expects to go and if you suggest anything like a class or regular meeting at stated intervals everybody interprets it as being a sign of staying here indefinitely and immediately the gloom settles down on the bunch.

Had a nice letter from Sis the other day. It had been sent to the 28th and must have been pretty old. There was no date on it and so I do not know when exactly it started. She was evidently in a mood to be glad to see anybody from home and I wish I could get over to

her but it is hardly possible now.
I did not go down to Montauban either.
Dean Soumergue sent me a nice letter
and set a day but I finally telegraphed
him that I could not come. As it turned
out I could have gone down and back a
dozen times. But I decided that the boat
might come for us and besides I doubt if
seeing him would do me any particular good.
It would have probably involved saying
definitely what I intended to do about
coming and I don't want to say just
yet. We'll look over all the prospects
in the U.S. first.

A letter came along from Miss Paul
at Bourbonne-les-Bains. She is the
English speaking lady there who used
to be a companion for some of Dr. Weir
Mitchell's family. I put a note in
the letter to the lace lady so that if
she could not understand my French
she could call on Miss Paul to help
her out with my English note to

Miss Paul. It seems there will never be another such tea cover as that first one I sent because the perso who designed it lived in Nancy and went and died. But the lace lady said she would try to make another that would be just as acceptable and would please you. Miss Paul was very anxious to know how the little dress fitted (?) but I did not enlighten her in any way. We'll keep that same bit of juvenile trossseau!

There is almost nothing to do here. We play five hundred & keep from wilting down under the tedium. We explode here over the delay and settle all the troubles of the regiment. We have started a few good moves. We got our inspection hurried up a bit. If we were sure the Colonel was sincere in his desire to go home it would not be so bad, but he is here a colonel drawing oversea pay in comfortable

quarters. All he has home is a wife from whom he has been away a good deal. His goods are all stored in a fort and he being Scotch is quite keen on getting in the good dollars. He was crazy to get his second service stripe and we have stayed long enough now so he is wearing it now. We thought this was the last thing we had to do but maybe we have yet to satisfy some further cravings for the old man.

Well we will be with you D.C. before long. It will not be many days.

Mcveyor
Stewart.